



## The Poetry Prescription



## A Bradgate Writers Collection



Leicestershire Partnership 

  
ARTS IN MENTAL HEALTH GROUP

BRADGATE WRITERS

The Poetry Prescription





Copyright © 2016 Individual Authors, As Named  
All rights reserved.  
Google Books GGKEY Identifier: GGKEY ZF0U57N7X9K



## Introduction

Bradgate Writers are an informal creative writing group producing both prose and poetry. We meet every Tuesday morning at The Recreational Hall of The Bradgate Mental Health Unit. Our poems are accompanied by work from ArtsCafé, providing visual inspiration in the afternoons. Both are attended by artists of vision and invention. We are interested in advancing our art with new challenges, and building on the themes we pursue in our bodies of work. Some pieces speak of light, some of darkness; some are of experience, whether positive or negative, or presented through the adventure-seeking inclinations of the imagination.

Words are curious creatures. They sit and wait to be read, and only when they are they nestle themselves comfortably just behind the optic nerve and explode the mind into a world of imagination. A world where life is a video game, where Elvis is still king, people sleep under cow catchers, imaginary friends come to life, rainbows become more colourful, and recovery is forever hurtling through the horizon.

We all know about mental health issues, and have found that creativity of all kinds can help. The effects that writing these words has upon mental health is something that remains untapped, but nonetheless incredible. Whether it's writing about the dog or the deep, relationships or running, tea or tears...there's a therapeutic nature behind it all.



We would like to help others recover and, to this end, we present “The Poetry Prescription”. We have chosen the work at the end of each session that reflects themes useful to recovery and, for instance, the re-discovery of resources of hope.

Mindfulness in recovery is an influence on the optimism of our creations, and we've tried to set a focus for the reader on hobbies, friendships, the outdoors and natural inspirations, the positive power of the imagination, and our experiences of triumph through adversity. Visually, you will see a lot of wit and fun, we'll place you in colour and pastel-shades of calm, we'll remember peaceful places and imagine entirely new ones. We hope to share our insights and talk to the reader as a friend.

Boosted by the success of our previous publication, “Healthy Culture”, we hope to set our sights on wider thematic potential, this time emphasising some routes, tools and strategies for recovery. We hope that this collection gives you some insight into the world of poetry through a different lens...

Brandon & Pete (Workshop Facilitators)

The Bradgate Writers Group is a Leicestershire Partnership NHS Trust Project delivered in partnership with BrightSparks: Arts in Mental Health Group. For further information in regards to the group please contact Tim Sayers, Arts in Mental Health Co-ordinator at LPT on; E-mail: [tim.sayers@leicspart.nhs.uk](mailto:tim.sayers@leicspart.nhs.uk). Tel: 07795 475 806.



Leicestershire Partnership   
NHS Trust



## CONTENTS

Adrenalin Rush

Hope Prevailing

Hobbies



“My garden...”



Sky Thing Haiku



Leaf like

HAIKU  
Rainforest

Wet body bits

My Swimsuit

Still dancing, breathe my air

Ricky



Waiting Game

Ask me again

DARK DESERT CAMEL

Riddles



My Imaginary Friend

“One day”



Baby Talk.

RECOVERY

Okay Meditation

A Walk



## Adrenalin Rush

Dave

Running through the grass,  
the branches rushing past,  
as swiftly I approach  
the goal of my exertions,

and slowing down a little,  
I reach down towards the hilt,  
pulling quickly from the scabbard,  
as the Daedra turns and frowns.  
His dark and tattooed visage  
turns to anger as he sees me  
as, swifter than my own,  
his glistening broadsword in his  
fist  
is flashing in the sunlight  
it's runes glowing even then  
as he roars and runs toward me  
and a flock of birds is scattered  
flying upwards in surprise  
between the Daedra and  
assassin  
flaming swords ringing as they  
dash.

I feel the pressure as we pass  
and then the pain a second later  
feel the blood upon my brow  
as I turn to face the next blow  
and stagger at the strength,  
the speed, the grim reality  
and far too late I raise my arm  
as blackness then engulfs me,  
and I look upon the player  
through the words,

“Game Over”



## Hope Prevailing

Alison

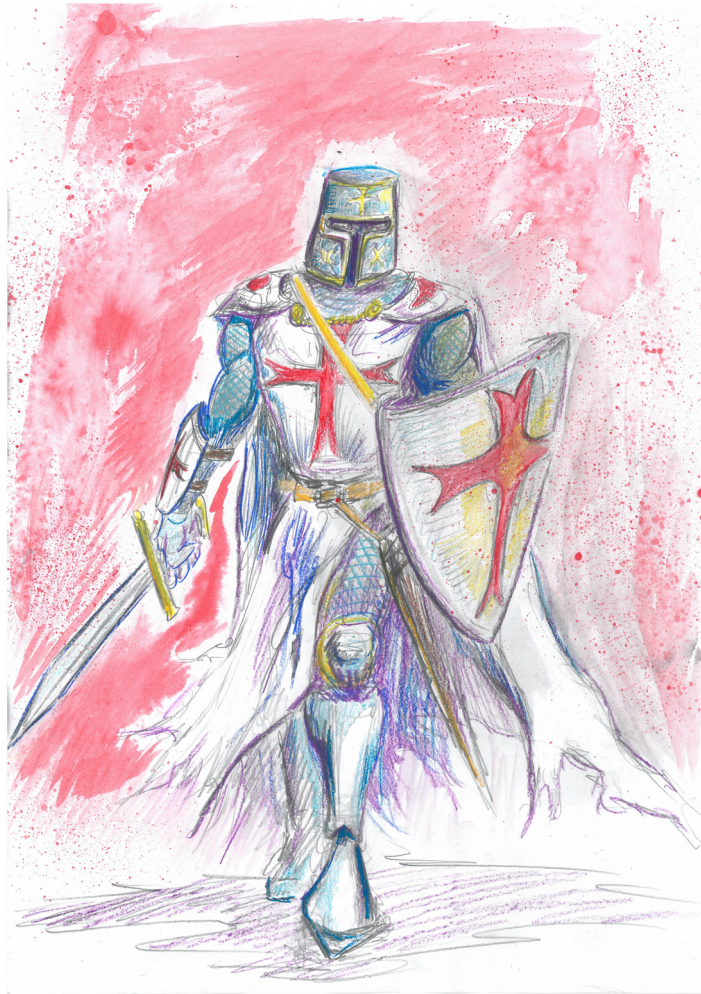
**2016 – What an emotional roller-coaster of bottomless pits and ingenious mechanical contrivances, much like a suited soldier ready for combat. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder overrides the thematic devices; held inside our thoughts; like a circus of dreams. In the same way that the Smiler's cogs were vertically challenged, a courageous and passionate teacher unleashed her own butterflies. She lay comatose; whose error didn't matter; but why the all- important question. Miraculously surviving the clinical error, she woke, but not in a circus, but in a fearful machine. Gasping vengeful air within the darkened tunnel, light restricted the demon. Buzzing noises, ricocheting pulses and electronic vibes, now irritate her tautened ears.**

Out of control – the mind- yet again; just as my legs pathetically remained still, Humiliated voices nagged the armoured shell, stirring the sub-conscious mind. What is life behind those chains really like? Is our destination really planned? Silent – so-silent – perhaps survival was no longer a question. Flashbacks insult her night and day, ridiculously playing out a series of mocking events, as though her coffin was pre-labelled, the end of her life destined. Silent so silent- thoughts are provoked and jeered in torrid nightmares; resting amongst her family and friends.

**Days, weeks and even months later – she remains disconnected from her loved ones -unable to find pleasure, Faked emotions lie numerous quantities just as soldiers encounter combat and passers-by ignore homeless on the streets. Betrayal, dark secrets-all pass imperceptibly, leaving traces in the confused mind. Overwhelming feeling, unbearable thoughts, create damaged goods, beyond redemption. It's time to recalibrate the brain's alarm; moral failings and all signs of weakness and character changes, she challenged herself to master her own ship again. Silent- so silent- pushed to the brink when the Incredible Hulk reared his ugly body, Voices change, clothing ripped and temper of wild horse unleashed; all overtaken by the sense of futility yet again.**

Withdrawn , detached- even if she functioned before - where has her inner self gone? She's no soldier, but unarmoured looks exactly the same-hope prevailing. She refused to allow the violated relationship with herself win; with courage the shame defrosted her heart and the glass wall cracked too. Distancing herself from those argumentative voices, she deciphered and depressed the vagrant tones, until they sat ready on the Launchpad of hope. Boredom is relieved, restlessness is released, pain is lightened and relationships are enriched. Hope has prevailed-- silent – so silent; PTSD is discharged like a ticking bomb – GONE!





## Hobbies

Jitu

One amazing thing we are born with are hobbies  
that God has gifted to us all;  
Different people with different interests.

Hobbies keep us moving  
                    help us to grow  
Fill your eyes with sleep  
                    and bring beautiful dreams.

Hobbies have made many  
                    people famous.  
It could be anything,  
                    writing, walking or cooking.  
Hobbies add a flavour

                    to a bland life that seems like  
ongoing trouble,  
                    once on this track  
keep going, hurdles are only  
                    there to add more relish.

Look at the trees and get  
                    inspired,  
this tree once was a seed,  
                    it's now there with many  
branches,  
                    giving homes to birds  
                    and shadow to humans.

See that seed and  
                    watch it grow,  
once it starts growing it will  
                    support and inspire many.  
One day we all will perish,  
                    but the planted seed  
will never perish, it will  
                    help grow other lives.







## **“My garden...”**

Mandy

My garden is Heaven, run-down in need of some repairs  
The lavender with Blue flowers and Rosemary with nice  
scent with small flowers in blue.

Roses in yellow and cream also red  
with nasty thorn flowers of love.

Fern and Palms with tall evergreen tree  
you can be in Italy with a glass of red wine.

Big white Daisy walking down to my Model Railway  
Shed with decking on Outside  
Music playing into the garden with The Rolling Stones  
and Abba “Dancing Queen”.  
Go inside the shed to model railway set  
in Worcestershire and Herefordshire  
A tourist railway line Old Steam,  
have a LMS Jinty and Great Western Tank Engine in Green,  
Old red and brown and cream coaches.

Old Land Rover and Minis  
Morris 1000 and new Range Rover  
lots of pubs

Away from mobile phones,  
you can have a cup of tea at  
Mrs. Sarb's Tea Room,  
have fun playing Beatles' “A Hard Day's  
Night”  
and “Yesterday”



## Sky Thing Haiku

Dawn

Birds fly so lightly,  
Almost like kites flying high,  
Dance ballerinas





## Leaf like

Toni

Today I feel like a tree,  
Only yesterday, I was just a leaf on the ground.  
Never mind, I will float back up with your help, my windy friend.  
I want to land right next to you, green or brown, yellow or, bloody blue.



## HAIKU.

A black and white map  
Like a ruined old building  
Falling and fresh snow





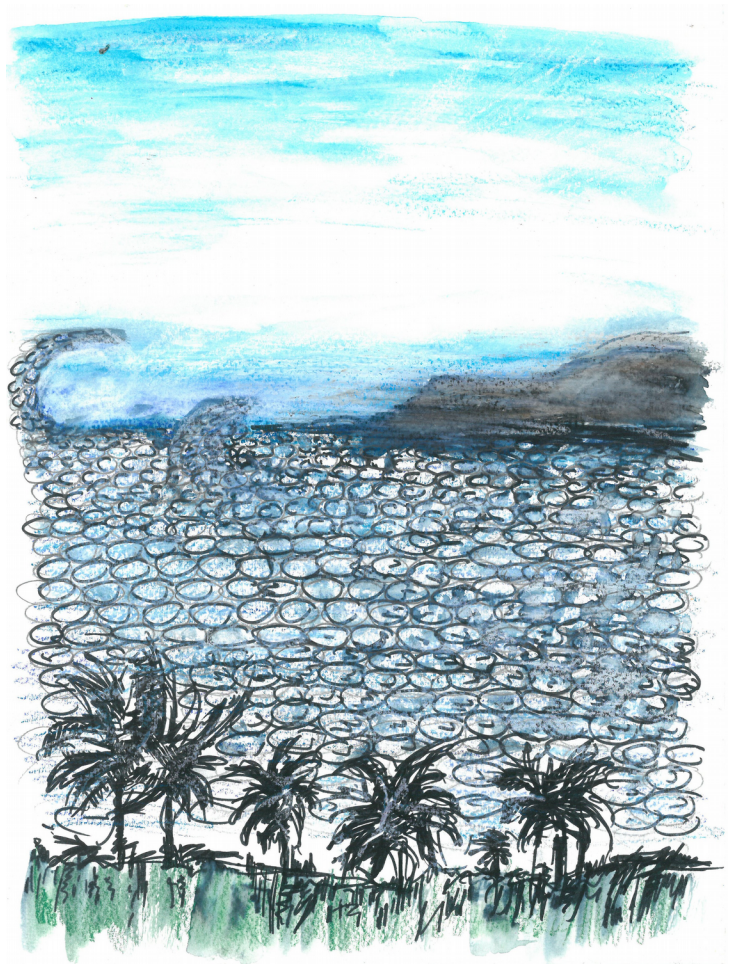
## Rainforest

Karen

Standing waist deep  
A crater lagoon  
Rainforest at high volume  
A panoramic view

A competition of my senses  
Eye's close  
I concentrate  
Moment for triggered waves  
My legs caress

Surround sound heightens  
Primates and birds compete  
In hot, moist environment  
Winds blush pleasure to my cheeks.





## Wet body bits

John

who was made like this?

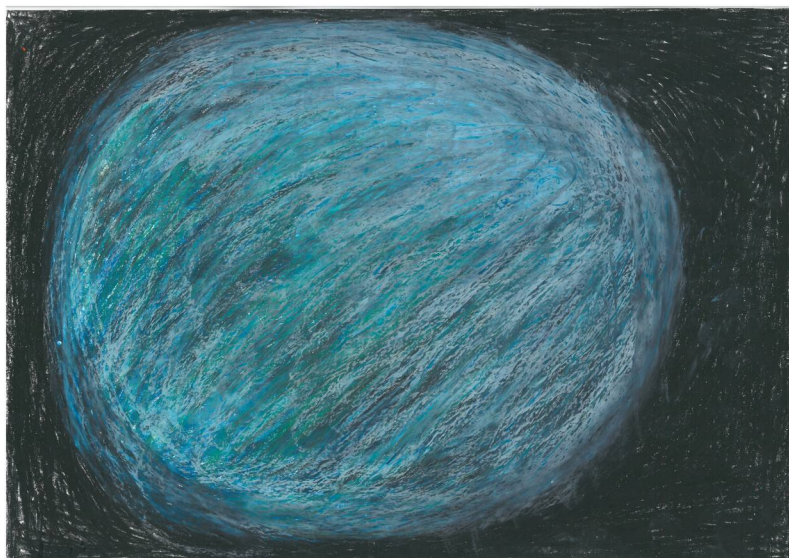
In wet weft lines  
that lean in slices  
to some urgent end?

And is the right reflection  
thick and heavy -held:  
a solid shadow  
dry and sensible?

Refection

toe to  
toe with  
some one  
else: her  
self-

its rippled body asking  
what the solid  
half is  
made  
of



## **My Swimsuit**

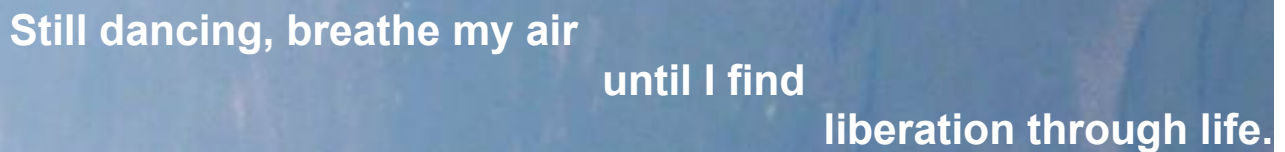
Alison

Emptying my crowded loft,  
ready for the summer car boot.

Hoping to swap or sell goods,  
for a new swimsuit.

It's impossible to relax as  
the canoe in the distance capsizes.

As I watch newly planted sunflowers,  
blossom and rise.



Still dancing, breathe my air  
until I find  
liberation through life.

## **Ricky**

Mandy

My Jack Russell dog, Ricky,  
going into bed licking my mummy's face,  
playing with socks...

Ricky, pick up golf ball  
chasing pussy cats  
love Walkers crisps,  
watching Match of the Day.

Going for walkies,  
loves having a whisky and pork pies,  
Ricky in love with old English dog, Daisy  
Daisy and Ricky sleep with each other  
Daisy and Ricky go in bed with mummy,

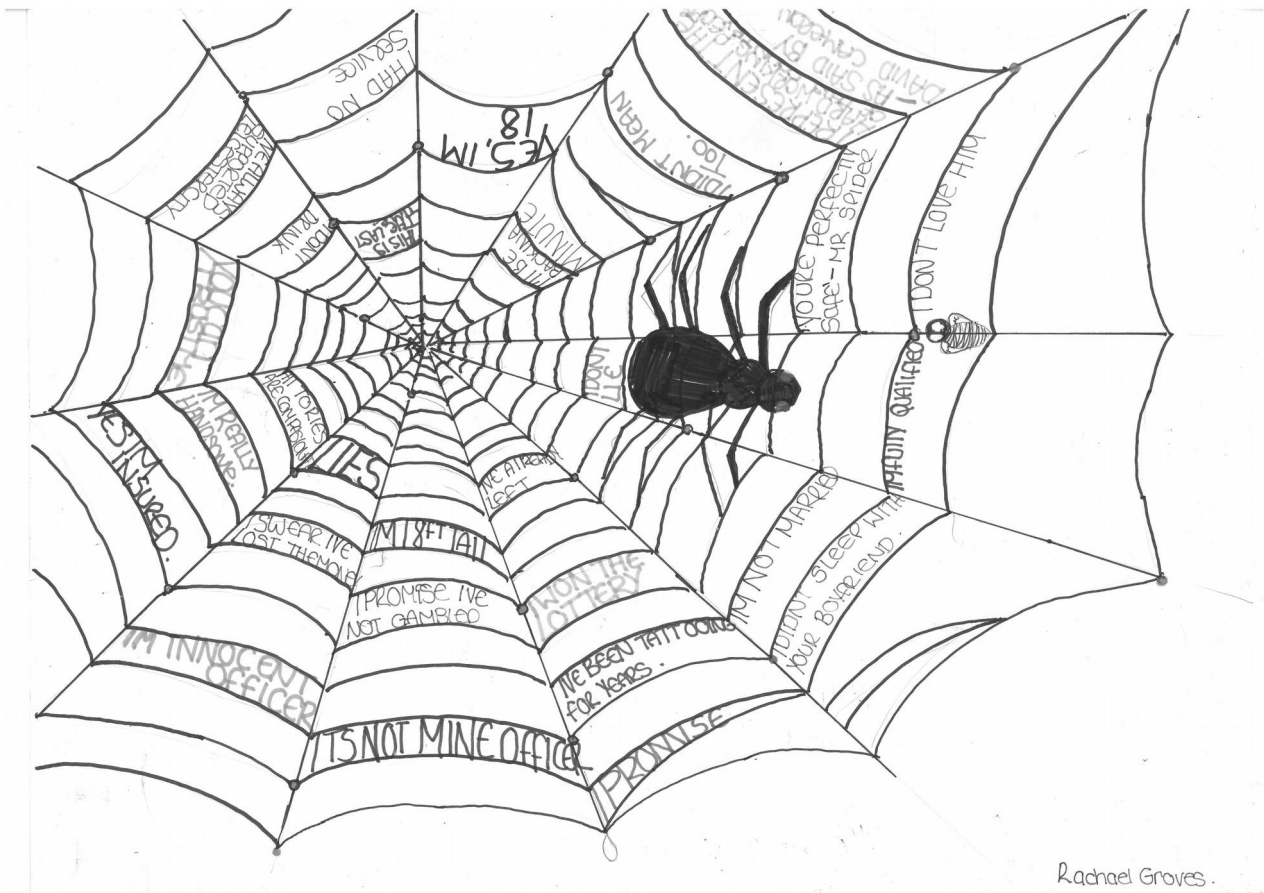
Ricky play with old teddy bears in bed.



# Jitendra

I am waiting patiently for my prey  
The webs that I weave confound  
not only you but myself too  
My feet will find anything that moves on  
the web,  
silently sneaking upon my unsuspecting  
victim  
I weave my web well – no escape -  
like humans weave their lies and dictate.

The web is in my pocket,  
like a beautiful tapestry on the wall.



Rachael Groves.

## **Panther**

David

Padding along  
Sleek, black, confidence,  
In its feline gait  
next to my stumble  
My nervous shuffle  
my hyper eyes  
looking fearfully  
expectantly  
knowing they will be there  
those bullies.

Looking fearlessly  
expectantly  
for me  
then seeing  
padding along  
sleek, black, confident  
its feline gait  
making them stumble  
and run

from my friend, my  
panther,  
dark as my fear.

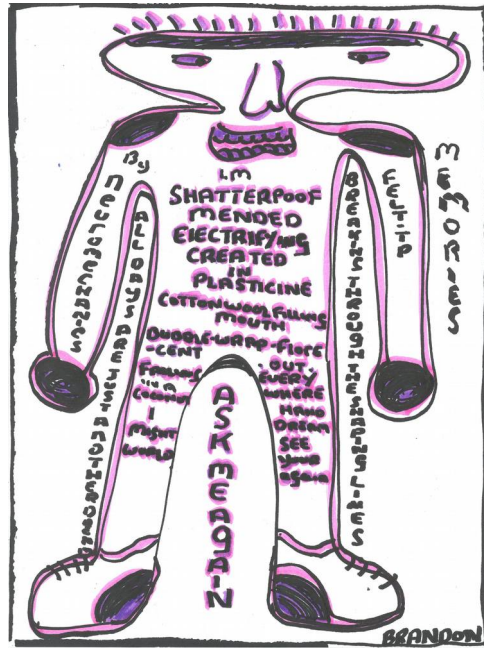


Mandy

## Ask me again

Brandon

I'm shatterproof and mended  
By neuromechanics  
Felt-tip electrifying  
All days are just another dream  
+ I'm created in plasticine  
Breaking through the shaping lines  
Cotton wool filling my mouth,  
+ Bubble-wrap fluorescent memories  
Falling out everywhere  
In a coconut hand dream,  
I might not see your world again



## DARK DESERT CAMEL

Mandy & Helen Rowe

DARK DESERT CAMEL  
SKIN AND BONE TIED UP TO DIE  
EYES SUNK TO SHADOW

DARK DESERT CAMEL  
WARM BLUE SKY EVENING SHOW LIGHT  
GLOWING WITH BEAUTY





## Riddle

Jitenda

I am mentioned in lots of poetry  
I can be your companion when you can't sleep  
I am always surrounded by others  
But I am not consistent as  
I do disappear now and then.

## Riddle

Helen

I am the subject of many famous paintings  
I am visible to some but not to all  
my existence is believed by some  
but not by others  
I can only help you if you allow





ON TOP OF WORLD IN THAILAND  
AND LEICESTER MATCH OF DN  
VICTORIA PARK 2016

BIG CLEAN UP

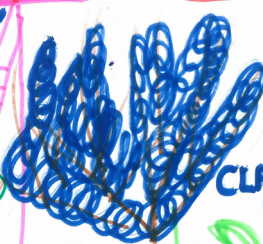
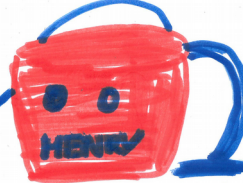


LEICESTER CITY  
WHEELER  
BIN.



GRAY  
LINKER  
ROBBIE  
SAVAGE  
MATCH OF DN

LEICESTER  
HENRY



NEW  
LEICESTER  
CITY  
TREE  
CLAUDIO  
ROMA  
A4





## My Imaginary Friend

Ian

My friend made me feel good, he was  
without judgement,  
not arrogant but loving and kind  
everything about him was cool,  
his whole demeanour  
nobody could take him away from  
me even though I was not well.  
Give me my imaginary friend back  
'cos I need him.



## **“One day”**

Lucy

One day we will be stronger,  
one day we can act no longer,  
one day we can go home  
one day we will be in the zone

just one day we will be free  
just one day we will have tea  
just one day we will be resting  
Just one day we will be loved  
just one day we will be hugged

no more stigma, no more  
labels just love kindness  
laughter and life.

## **RECOVERY**

Alison

Resting under the willow  
Eyes closed, all  
Cried out  
Once I had dared  
Voice  
Every inner twisted thought  
Resting under the willow  
Yarns of grief at my feet





## Baby Talk.

Jessica.

To have ten babies,  
They will all be boys,

Perhaps two sets of twins.  
Not all will have luck or fortune,  
but, they will all be filled with  
love, happiness, and compassion.



## Okay Meditation

Peter

In the Okay,  
the moon fits and is round  
and is softened by cloud.

In the buildings,  
people are not working now.

Grass sways, and sand sits to be sifted,  
sand piled and shaped into soft heart mould  
by touch and warmth.

This sponge, course,  
like a friend's kind but colourful  
curse word.

Falling snow that is crisp to tread,  
and will fall, and  
if I let it fall,  
it settles.

White snow, cool sun  
and the embracing warmth of  
imagined log cabin, afterwards.

## A Walk

Jitendra

Clear sky and the sun is out,  
I am out for a walk in the park.  
Soft breeze fills the lungs with fresh air,  
the branches of trees with new buds  
and the birds singing the sweet songs.

The aroma of moist grass and the drop of dew  
shining like a pearl in fading rays of sun,  
I see the plants popping out, inspires me.

Tomorrow is waiting for the new hope,  
a new beginning,  
different dreams  
with a new challenge.





Leicestershire Partnership **NHS**

AND

NHS Trust

Present;

**BRIGHTSPARKS: ARTS IN MENTAL HEALTH GROUP.**

# **BRADGATE WRITERS GROUP.**

An informal writers group dedicated to creative writing + poetry. Open to in and out-patients, and all levels of ability, including people who struggle to read + write. Feel free to drop in and check us out.

**Tuesdays 10.30 – 12.00 in:**

**The Recreational Hall,**

**The Bradgate Mental Health Unit,**

**Leicester.**

**LE3 9DZ.**

For more information please contact Tim Sayers, Arts in Mental Health Co-ordinator, at Leicestershire Partnership NHS Trust on; 07795 475 806

E-mail: [tim.sayers@leicspart.nhs.uk](mailto:tim.sayers@leicspart.nhs.uk)